

B U M M - F O D E R

O R,

V V A S T E - P A P E R *January 31 1659*

Proper to wipe the Nation's RUMPS with, or your Own.

Free quarter in the North is grown so scarce,
That *Lambert* with all his men of *Mars*
Have submitted to kiss the Parliaments Arse,
Which no body can deny.

If this should prove true, (as we do suppose)
Tis such a wipe as the RUMP and all's Foes
Could never give to old *Oivers* nose:
Which, &c.

Theres a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,
When the head shal see the RUMP all be-shit,
Sure this must prove a most lucky hit:
Which &c.

Theres another Proverb which every Noddy
Wil jeer the RUMP with, and cry *Heddy Duddy*,
Here's a *Parliament* all Arse and no Body.
Which &c.

Tis a likely matter the world wil mend
When so much blood and treasure we spend,
And yet begin again at the wrong End:
Which &c.

We have been round and round about twirl'd,
And through much sad confusions hurl'd,
And now we are got into the arse of the world:
Which &c.

But 'tis not all this our courage wil quail,
Or make the brave Seamen to the RUMP strike fail,
It we can have no head, we wil have no Tail:
Which &c.

Then let a Free-Parliament be turnd trump,
And nere think any longer the Nation to mump
With your pocky, perjurd, damnd, old Rump:
Which &c.

But what doth Rebel Rump make here
When their proper place (as *Will. Pryn* doth swear)
Is at the Devils arse in *Derbyshire*:
Which &c.

Then thither let us send them a tilt,
For if they stay longer, they wil us beguile
With a Government that is loose in the Hilt:
Which &c.

Youl find it set down in *Harringtons* Modelle,
Whose brains a Commonwealth do so coddle,
That t'as made a Rotation in his noddle:
Which &c.

'Tis a pitiful pass you men of the Sword
Have brought your selves to, that the Rumps your Lord,
And *Arse-Verse*, must be the word,
Which, &c.

Our powder and shot you did freely spend,
That the Head you might from the Body rend,
And now you are at us with the But-end,
Which, &c.

Old *Martin* and *Scot* have still such an itch,
That they will with the Rump try to'ther twitch;
And *Lenthal* can grease a fat Sow in the britch:
Which, &c.

Thats a thing that would please the Butchers and Cooks,
To see this stinking Rump quite off the hooks,
And Jack-Daw go to pot with the Rooks.
Which, &c.

This forward Sir *John* (who the Rump did never fail)
Against *Charles Stuart*, in a Speech did rail;
But men say it was without head or tail,
Which, &c.

Just such is the Government wee live under,
Of a Parliament thrice cut in sunder;
And this hath made us the worlds wonder,
Which, &c.

Old *Noll* when we talkt of *Magna Charta*,
Did prophecy well we should all smart-a,
And now wee have found his RUMPS *Magn: Fart-a*,
Which, &c.

But I can't think *Menck* (though a Souldier and sloven)
To be kin to the Fiend, whose feet are cloven,
Nor will creep i'th Rumps Arse, to bake in their Oven,
Which, &c.

Then since he is coming, e'ne let him come
From the North to the South, with Sword and Drum,
To beat up the quarters of this lewd Bum;
Which, &c.

And now of this Rump I'll say no more,
Nor had I begun, but upon this score,
There was something behind, which was not before;
Which, &c.

FINIS, In English, The RUMP.